

# THE EVENING TIMES

FRANK A. MUNSEY

# EDITORIAL PAGE

# Everyday Stories of the Workings and Workers of the Departments

It is to be hoped that the Hon. Arthur Pue Gorman will not be too reticent to smile.

Local pride is such a good thing that we ought all to be thankful for having been put in a place where we can have it.

The public is now informed that the British forces have again been surprised in South Africa. Their surprise must be becoming chronic.

If it is true that the good die young, somebody ought to discover the microbe which causes the development and inoculate the wicked with it.

Hall Caine says that Shakespeare gets too much credit. But perhaps Mr. Caine has not reflected on the credit he will get when he is as dead as Shakespeare is.

A South Carolina man started a roe because somebody stepped on his pet corn, and four men were killed; which indicates that the corn crop is active in South Carolina.

If the Carnegie college yell is half as picturesque as the suggestions which have been made to Mr. Carnegie about disposing of his millions, it will be likely to break windows in this town.

Mark Twain claims the right to write up his own adventures instead of presenting them as copy for other people, which indicates that he has profited by the wisdom of Huckleberry Finn.

They used to build mazes and labyrinth in the gardens of old-time kings, to amuse the courtiers; but in those days questions of precedence were all settled suddenly and effectively with an ax, and people needed something with which to occupy their minds.

Persons who are inclined to be too inquisitive regarding Mr. Low's plans for cleaning up New York are respectfully reminded that the elephant shows his great wisdom by not poking his proboscis into the wrong place, and that human beings will do well to imitate the elephant.

An old man recently informed Mr. Rockefeller's Sunday school that there were three kinds of poor—the devil's poor, the Lord's poor, and the poor devils. Some enterprising beggars will now endeavor to prove that they are all three kinds at once.

On account of his new bicycle, Archibald Roosevelt has mixed up with the strenuous life at an early age. The asphalt pavement is no respecter of Presidents' sons, and Archibald received a slit over the eye. However, Archibald is not discouraged, and will continue to break in his rubber-tired bronco.

M. Sully Prudhomme, of the French Academy, won a two-hundred-thousand-dollar prize not long ago, and intends to devote it to publishing anonymous works by poets unable to find a publisher elsewhere. This indicates either that M. Prudhomme is a very brave man or that he does not know what sort of a job he has laid out for himself.

**A Critical Period.**  
In the growth of a city, as in that of an individual, there are likely to be long periods of comparative inaction, followed by a season of sudden development. At any rate, this is true of Washington.

For a few years after its selection as the Capital of the country, there was a movement toward Washington, and some attempt to make it a worthy home for the executive and legislative branches of the Government. But the country was poor, and so were the officials, and up to the time of the civil war, and for some years after, the city's growth was gradual.

At the time when Alexander Shepherd took up the task of making the Capital what it should be and was intended to be, there was sudden and great development, due partly to general business conditions, and partly to Mr. Shepherd's energy and determination. The third season of transition is now upon us. Within the last few years many changes have come about in the direction of improvement and expansion. Some of them are comparatively unimportant, but significant as showing the direction of the wind. The street car system has changed from horse cars to electric. Rock Creek Park and the National Zoological Garden have come into being. The city has grown enormously toward the northwest, and the northeast section has also been improved with scarcely less rapidity.

It is now beginning to be understood that all this rapid growth needs only direction, encouragement, and enthusiasm on the part of the community, in order to effect results out of all proportion to the effort needed. We have the situation, the people, the money, to make this the most beautiful Capital of the world; and it must be done.

**Approved by the Public.**  
Public and press discussion of the Government ownership of telegraphs proposition is soon to be followed by Congressional consideration. The committee of the upper house within whose province action on such matters falls is to examine the project embodied in a bill this week, and Senator Mason, its head, is enthusiastic over the prospect of legislative sanction for the measure.

Not long ago, Government ownership was little more than an academic suggestion. It has come before the

nation in concrete form. Several weeks of consideration have failed to develop conspicuous opposition. The country seems to accept the proposed acquisition of telegraph facilities as a matter of course, growing out of the assumption that the Government and the public, as individuals, will both profit thereby, and that what seemed altruistic, if not revolutionary, a decade ago is now included within the broad category of the practicable.

Naturally, there will be a discussion of the plan. Certain objections will be offered, but they will probably be incidental and not antagonistic to the principle involved in the plan. The sums to be paid to the corporations affected, the erratic suggestion that the Government build its own lines and enter into competition with those already established, the probable managerial policy of the new department and many other matters will undoubtedly be brought forward when the debate on the general proposition is launched.

It is well that there should be a full discussion before inaugurating an innovation. Haste sometimes causes mistakes. However, there is little doubt that the plan will receive legislative approval and that in the comparatively near future the American people will be given the benefit of an improved telegraph service, owned and operated by Uncle Sam.

**Long Hair and Genius.**  
The question whether long hair indicates genius has again been raised, and it is pointed out that many geniuses of the present day wear their hair in conventional fashion, instead of making themselves into human chrysalises. This change of fashion extends even to musicians and poets, from time immemorial privileged to wear long hair.

What the occult reason of this connection is, nobody quite seems to know. It may come from the ancient custom of twining wreaths of laurel and bay in the hair of the distinguished. There would certainly be very little chance for anything to twine in the stubble which adorns the head of some modern poets, novelists, and other distinguished persons, and the bald patches of others might be uncomfortably scratched by such a decoration. On the whole, the modern hat is best suited to the modern head.

There are persons who see in this change an indication of the strenuous style of genius which is coming to prevail among men. This seems rather a far-fetched conclusion, inasmuch as the writers and artists in question do not have to go out and fight. Even if they did, the example of the football player would encourage them to let their hair grow to protect their brains. Possibly this was an additional reason why the poet of old should wear long hair. He was accustomed to recite his poems aloud for the edification of the people. Unless the temper of human nature in a crowd has greatly changed, if his poetry did not please the public there was liable to be trouble. His hair may therefore have served the double purpose of making a becoming place for laurel leaves in case of success, and a shield for his cranium in case of unsuccess. It must have been a convenient system. Nowadays the critics put the hammering in print, and long hair does not soften that kind of blow.

**PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT WASHINGTON PEOPLE.**  
Mr. Merritt, the postmaster of the city postoffice, left this morning for Lockport, N. Y., to visit Mrs. Merritt, who is not very well. Mr. Merritt will be gone for about a week.

Mr. F. B. Klepper, of Kingston, Mo., prosecuting attorney of Caldwell county, is in Washington for a few days on business.

Mr. C. M. Harrison, editor of the "Gallatin (Mo.) North Missourian," and a prominent politician of Missouri, is in the city.

Mr. W. S. Shallenberger, Second Assistant Postmaster General, has accepted an invitation to the Philadelphia Club dinner, which takes place at the Hotel Bellevue tomorrow evening.

**One Consolation.**  
(Philadelphia Record.)

The President is justly indignant that the customs department has been cheated out of millions by frauds in the importation of goods from the Philippines. However, it is consoling to consider that no citizen of the Republic has succeeded in getting past the customs inspectors without paying duty on his foreign-bought pajamas.

**Society a la Nichols.**  
(Baltimore Herald.)

The Rev. Dr. Nichols, of New York city, is a mischievous man, for he has selected but 100 families entitled to be in society. If there are 100 families only that differ so essentially from ordinary humanity, in the strict definition of the word as defined by Webster, they must be freaks, and, for the edification of students of sociology, should be classified carefully and strictly.

**In the Shadow.**  
(Boston Journal.)

Nominally Mr. Lewis Nixon is now the head of Tammany Hall, but we think that a searchlight would reveal the Hon. Richard Croker standing in the shadow of the Nixon wigwag.

**The Sting in Kipling's Verses.**  
(Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

It is just possible that England would not resent Kipling's latest indictment so warmly if it did not have an uncomfortable consciousness that it was at least half true.

**Hard to Kill.**  
(Harrisburg Patriot.)

When his Maryland enemies killed Arthur P. Gorman's political aspirations they didn't quite kill them hard enough.

**Almost Always.**  
(Chicago Tribune.)

It is likely, nevertheless, that men will continue to do the proposing, as heretofore, and women will do the disposing.

## Pretty Actresses of the Day



Jane Bliss Taylor, Who Will Appear in "Arizona" at the Columbia Next Week.

## THE PLAYER FOLK.

Just twice this season have different theatrical organizations made the jump from Providence, R. I., to Washington. The movement is a long and particularly tedious one and with the best of luck the arrangement of the train schedule only leaves a few hours before the time for the opening performance on a Monday night. Last Monday afternoon the Rogers Brothers found this in the city and kept up a steady outlook for the evening scenery. Hear after hour slowly dragged by and everybody was very much wrought up for a time there was a good prospect that there would be no performance of "A Royal Rival" that night.

In the midst of the excitement came Gustave Frohman. Mr. Frohman, in addition to being the brother of Charles and Daniel Frohman, looks after the financial interests of the Paversham organization. On these occasions he is the most ardent bicyclist that ever counted up a house or signed a pass for two seats. He rides a 29-inch and is so tireless that he is reputed to have walked up the Washington Monument merely as a little exercise before dinner.

Nothing has ever been known to worry Mr. Gus' Frohman, although his two better known but less amiable brothers are not possessed of his lamblike ingenuity.

When Mr. Frohman sauntered up to the group of very much worried and excited stage employees and transfer men he cheerily chirped:

"Hello, boys; how's everything? All the stuff unloaded?"

The stage workers looked at the manager a moment in astonishment.

"It's one of them grunts," replied "Rh" one of them grunts.

"Is all the stuff unloaded?" the representative of the Frohman clan responded.

"No, it isn't, and what's more I guess there won't be any performance tonight. The train is over two hours late already and there's no telling when she'll show up," explained the chief stage carpenter.

"Two hours late? Gee, that's bad. I can't get my wheel, can I?" said Mr. Frohman.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, after conquering Chicago's show-gone and society, hit New York's theatrical population pretty hard Monday night with her performance of "Magda."

Notwithstanding the prices were on a basis of three dollars for the orchestra seats the first performance of the Englishwoman was attended by one of the biggest and most enthusiastic audiences of the year.

Washingtonians will have an opportunity to view Mrs. Campbell's repertoire before she returns to her native land.

The Friday matinee at the Bijou, arranged for the special benefit of women folk, are proving very popular affairs and each Friday witnesses a larger gathering of vaudeville-loving femininity than on the week previous. On these occasions smoking is prohibited and as a rule, the offerings of burlesque and vaudeville are given by players of acknowledged merit.

The management of the Bijou announces that boxes of bonbons will be given to every lady patron of next Friday's matinee.

Will A. Page, the press agent of the Percy Haswell stock company, writes to The Times to explain that the \$300 mentioned in connection with Miss Haswell's

prize play competition is to be "held as one week's royalty on the play that is deemed best by the committee that will examine the dramatic products submitted."

This sum, Mr. Page says, is a very good-sized royalty and is about the same that is received by the best playwrights.

Miss Haswell's press representative further states that the successful playwright retains full possession of his work, although the Baltimore stock actress is to have, as her right of discovery, as it were, the first chance to purchase it.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin, home again from their London engagement, are actively at work getting "When We Were Twenty-one" in readiness for their West tour which will be inaugurated next Monday night.

The Goodwins will confine their appearances chiefly to the one night stands and the larger cities of the West. Their season will terminate some time in June.

Several years before his election to the House of Representatives, Colonel Livingston of Georgia, in a speech, strongly advocated the establishment of rural free delivery. He was criticized at the time for urging such a scheme because it was believed that he was visionary and impracticable. But he never weakened once for he continued to agitate the expansion of mail facilities. And when the member from the Fifth Congressional district of Georgia was elected to the House of Representatives he determined if possible to make rural free delivery an established fact. And he did. And one of the first rural delivery routes was established in Colonel Livingston's district. The farmers of the country have on more than one occasion shown their appreciation of the colonel's efforts in their behalf. The farmers of Georgia call him the father of rural free delivery.

"Hoody, Judge, when did you get in?" was the salutation received yesterday by Mr. Wallace McLaurin, secretary to Senator McLaurin of Mississippi. He was a very pleasant gentleman who greeted Mr. McLaurin in the lobby of the House.

"Oh, I've been here for several weeks."

"Is that possible? I thought you were in Kentucky all the time."

"Ah, I understand now," said Mr. McLaurin, smiling. "You take me for Judge Paynter. When the Judge was in Congress a few years ago we were constantly taking for each other, and sometimes we were placed in very embarrassing positions, especially when the mistake was made by the ladies. The only difference between us was that Judge Paynter was much the better looking man."

The gentleman excused himself and said "Good morning."

On a recent occasion a young lady called at the hall of the House of Representatives and, presenting to one of the assistant doorkeepers a card upon which was her name, said: "Please take this to Representative Mudd."

The doorkeeper did as directed, and Mr. Mudd, glancing at the card, noticed that the name was prefaced with Miss. "Tell the young lady," said he, "that I have not a single vacant place at my disposal."

The doorkeeper returned to the young lady and informed her of what Mr. Mudd said.

"There must be some mistake about this," said the visitor. "Go back and tell him that I want to see him personally."

Again the doorkeeper went into the House, called on Mr. Mudd, and told him what the young lady said, and Mr. Mudd replied: "Tell her I am not in the House." Again the doorkeeper performed his mission and the young

## ALONG THE SKIRMISH LINE.

### The Natural Result.

"I wonder why all the good children in the Sunday school books died young?" "Well, you know the total depravity of a youngster is all there is of him, according to these books, and if the children had to keep it bottled up, of course they died."

### Dangerous Legislation.

If there should be a law made that everyone should tell the exact truth on all occasions, or go to jail, they might have to fence in the Continent, but otherwise things would be very much the same.

### Compulsory Conversion.

"And what," said the globe-trotter to the reformer, "induced you to give up your former life?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the man with a pious smile, "it must have been the direct interposition of Providence. I ate a man one day—quite a small man he was, too, and tender—and I had a most horrible fit of indigestion. The man was of good character; he had his credentials in his pockets, so you see there could have been nothing unwholesome in the meal."

"H-m," said the globe-trotter. "Where was his home?"

"In Russia," said the reformer.

"Ah, that explains it," cried the interlocutor. "It was his name which disagreed with you. If you had only removed the bristles you would have been all right."

And this aroused in the hearer so strong a feeling of remorse that he immediately ate up the globe-trotter.

Moral: It is not well to be too eager to explain things.

### A Social Crime.

She was a large lady with a double chin and a grey pompadour, and she was talking earnestly. Her companion, a little quiet mouse of a creature, was doing the heavy listening.

"My dear," pealed out a masterful voice to the ears of the other occupants of the street car, "it is positively disgraceful the stories that people tell. You know Mr. Roosevelt suggested dinner costs for ladies in décolleté costume, and would you believe it, they asked me if she was really going in for dress reform. The idea of anyone casting such asparagus upon Mrs. Roosevelt!"

### His Possible Future.

"Mamma," said the city boy, looking wistfully at the green meadows on which was displayed the sign "No Trespassing."

"do you suppose the gentleman who owns that meadow says his prayers?"

"I don't know, dear; why do you ask?"

"Oh, I was wondering if he said that part about forgive us our trespasses, and if he'd darst to walk on the grass when he got to heaven and saw the signs there."

### The Modern Pied Piper.

"There is one effect of Kubelik's tour which probably wasn't foreseen."

"What's that?"

"There will be more girls getting into dreadful scrapes on his account than you ever heard of before. I counted four of them carrying violins on the Avenue today, and I pity the neighbors when they really begin to tune up."



woman, who was by this time thoroughly angry, said: "You go and tell my father that his daughter ought to see him."

Mr. Mudd, upon receiving this message, hastily secured his hat and took Miss Mudd down to the House Restaurant, where he gave her a nice lunch and asked her to "forget it."

One of the best dressed men in the House is Representative Bingham of Pennsylvania. Mr. Bingham has the honor of being the father of the House, because he is the oldest member in point of continuous service. And, singular to say, the last two fathers of the House—Representatives O'Neill and Harmer—were from the Keystone State.

The other day one of the Capitol guides showing a party of ladies through the big building pointed out Mr. Bingham and remarked that he was the father of the House. A bright child of seven years in the party said:

"Oh, ain't he young looking to be the father of so many old men?"

And everybody laughed.

Mr. Bingham was first elected to the Forty-sixth Congress.

Senator Mason has made a discovery. He has found the "Washington" face, in contradistinction with the "bicycle face," the "gum-chewing face," etc. "You know there are more miles of asphalt here than in any other city of its size in the world," said the Senator. "In the summer this asphalt reflects the heat of the sun with an energy that is appalling and the continual glare caused the resident of the Capital to acquire a certain squinting of the eye that changes his entire physiognomy. So it has come to pass that the average Washingtonian has an expression entirely unlike that of the inhabitants of any other town and this expression I have taken the liberty to call the 'Washington face.'"

"Why, sir, don't you know," continued the Senator, "that in Chicago the other day I bet a friend that I could pick out every man from Washington in a crowd of thirty persons in a certain hotel lobby. I selected six and every one admitted that he was from this town."

"Oh, that's very easy to explain," Senator Clark of Wyoming broke in. "They didn't want people to think they belonged in Chicago."

Representative Green of Pennsylvania was warmly greeted by his colleagues yesterday. He had been absent for more than two weeks, having been confined to his bed by illness. Mr. Green wears a scarf pin that resembles a small piece of ivory. It is a Chinese shell, and was presented to him by Senator Bacon while they were in China last August. The shell is unique and attracts much attention. It has a most interesting history, which Mr. Green says he will print some day for distribution among his friends.

Mr. I. C. N. Cole is one of the few men around the Police Court who holds a high position in a church. His office at the court is that of bailiff. He was once a telegraph operator and still remembers how to use the key. He is connected with the First Presbyterian Church, of which the late eminent Rev. Dr. Sunderland was for so many years the pastor, and he was an intimate friend of the former from the time he became acquainted with Mr. Sunderland passed away. Mr. Cole's church office is that of elder, and he pays much attention to the finances of the institution. He is heartily in favor of the proposed change of the name of the church to Sunderland Memorial, and is a warm and devoted friend of the present pastor, Rev. Dr. MacLeod.

While Mr. W. J. McGee, of the Bureau of Ethnology, was pursuing his investigation of the "time-concept of Papago Indians," he was led to take up the subject of sociology. As everyone may not know what sociology is, it is perhaps well to explain that it consists of a study of the relation existing between the truly altruistic tribes of Papago Indians and their hard physical development, and he found clear indications that with the degree of cultural development possessed by the Papago, the tendency of a severe environment is to develop altruism. At the same time he noted that the neighboring Seri tribe, surrounded by an environment of similar characteristics, in many respects are notably egotistic and inimical toward contemporaries; and the striking differences led to further research concerning the inter-relationships between human groups and their physical surroundings—inter-relationships which may be termed adaptations.

Mr. Orator F. Cook is one of the special agents of the division of botany in the Department of Agriculture. While on a visit to Porto Rico recently he found that probably second only to coffee is the raising of sugar cane. Although sugar and tobacco figures more largely than meat or live stock among the exports of the island, the local markets consume most of the animal food products and others are imported. In Mr. Cook's opinion Porto Rican cattle seem to belong to a separate insular breed rather than to any recognized breed of the United States. There is some diversity of color, but such exceptions are comparatively few, the prevailing hues being dull reds and browns. The hair is very short. Local opinion is to the effect that the cattle of Porto Rico were introduced from Africa in the times of the slave trade. That is probably based on the fact that the cattle of the island are of the same color as the cattle of Africa. Horses are used very little in Porto Rico for draft purposes. Carriages can be used on only the principal roads, while the rest of the island is traversed by mule and pack trail. Heavy loads of produce are always drawn by oxen. The horses appear very small in comparison with the large cavalry mounts of the American army, but are not really unimpressive in size and are generally tough and wiry. Those owned in the country are usually plump and spirited, but the town horses are often half starved, owing, perhaps, to the high price of grass, which is generally three cents for a small bundle.

Mr. W. I. Adams has charge of the Bureau of International Exchange, one of the most interesting departments in the Smithsonian Institution. Regarding this it is stated that the free interchange of Government and scientific publications between this country and the Governments and learned societies of other lands has grown to be very important. Great numbers of books are annually transmitted abroad and great quantities are received in exchange each year. These exchanges are in no sense of a commercial nature, for no publications for sale are allowed transmission. More than one-half of the exchanges consist of Government documents, while the other half are publications exchanged between learned societies and men throughout the world. The International Exchange Bureau has a salaried resident agent in London, Leipzig, and Budapest and a large number of agents in various parts of the world who lead their services gratuitously. The correspondents who more or less regularly exchange publications through the Smithsonian Institution extend to the remotest corners of the world. The expenses of the exchange service are, for thirty years, met entirely from the income of the Smithsonian Institution, but when public documents began to form so large a part of the transmissions as to become an unbearable drain on its resources, Congress began to make appropriations for the work, and the entire service, through international treaties, has since been chiefly though not entirely dependent on annual appropriations by Congress.

Prof. Henry E. Alford is chief of the dairy division of the Department of Agriculture, and in that capacity has represented the United States Government at numerous exhibitions both in this country and abroad. Prof. Alford has a brilliant war record and among the interesting incidents he sometimes relates is a pretty romance about the way he met the lady who has since become his wife. Away back in the sixties, Prof. Alford was a lieutenant in a Massachusetts cavalry regiment and the special mission of that regiment was to look out for Col. John S. Mosby and reduce the depredations of the latter and his command to a minimum. One day the colonel of the regiment sent for Lieutenant Alford and upon his arrival at headquarters charged him to go out and capture Mosby. The lieutenant took a squad of cavalry and proceeded in the direction that Mosby was supposed to have gone. Stopping at a farmhouse to ask for information in reference to the whereabouts of the famous guerrilla chief he met one of Virginia's fairest belles, whom he questioned on the subject. The young lady was a strong adherent of the Confederacy, and in fact, it had been reported that she previously had been a most valuable aid to the rebel cause. The gallant lieutenant asked the pretty Virginia girl if she had seen Mosby and in what direction he went, she replied that she had seen him and that he was directed him in an exact opposite direction. For a few minutes Lieutenant Alford stood over the matter and then remarked: "Well, I guess it is too late in the day and Mosby's force is too strong to attempt to capture them with the men I have, so I will go back to headquarters and wait until tomorrow when I can have more men. But it is the sequel that is the most interesting, for right then and there Lieutenant Alford surrendered to Cudd, and in due course of time he and the Virginia girl were married and are now living happily in Washington.

For nearly fifty years Mr. John K. Talliaferro has been connected with the Capitol. His first appointment was as assistant doorkeeper of the ladies' gallery in the House of Representatives. This was several years before the outbreak of the civil war. Mr. Talliaferro recalls with great interest the scenes attending the election of General Nathaniel P. Banks of Massachusetts to the Speakership of the House over Mr. W. S. Orr of South Carolina by a majority of one vote. This result was achieved after a struggle of some seven weeks, and was made possible by the influence of the Hon. William D. Davis, a Representative from Maryland, one of the most brilliant orators that State has ever produced, and who, becoming tired of the House, after a presiding officer, introduced a resolution which was adopted and which provided that the candidate receiving the highest number of votes should be declared elected, there being three or four men at the time voted for. After some thirty years' service in the employ of the House Mr. Talliaferro transferred to duties at the Supreme Court, and for the last twenty years he has been an attaché of that august tribunal. During his connection with the Capitol he has met among his friends and acquaintances such prominent figures as Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina, a member of the House, who achieved notoriety through his assault on Mr. Sumner; Anson Burlingame of Massachusetts, who was appointed Minister of the United States to China, and who, after reaching that country, became so popular that the Emperor of China requested him to give up his position as Minister from the United States and accept that of Ambassador from China to all the civilized nations of the world; Oliver P. Morton, the great War Governor, and at the Capitol Senators, including John A. Logan of Illinois, Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, and many others.

Mr. William H. Young, night manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, has charge of the force of telegraph operators at the Capitol. Mr. Young is an ardent temperance man and a leading member of the Order of Jonadab. To him in their dire distress many telegraph operators, men who are expert in their business, but who from one cause or another, principally, however, from drink, have traveled all over the country in pursuit of work, turn as a last resort. There have been some cases when men from lack of work have even had to separate from their families because they were unable to support them. Such instances as these appeal in an especial manner to Mr. Young and he is ever ready to extend a helping hand.

Although the Howard University is not regarded as such it is nevertheless a governmental institution. It is probable that more young men and young women have been graduated from this school in the same length of time than from any other similar place of learning in the country. Its first president was Gen. O. Howard, who is now on the retired list of the United States Army. To few men has fallen the lot of writing a hymn the words of which have been translated into every language spoken in the civilized world, but this has been the case with the hymn called "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," which is not rare to say is sung in some part of the globe every day. Dr. Rankin has written many other works of great merit but none have achieved the reputation as has this hymn.

In the course of his reconnaissance of the inhabited and ruined pueblos in New Mexico and Arizona Mr. F. W. Hodge, of the Smithsonian Institution, with his companions, brought to light a number of notable examples of stone work. Two types are especially instructive. The first of these is represented by the ruins in the Cobolita Valley. The stones used in the walls are cleft with great regularity and laid, after careful facing by pecking, in such a manner as to produce a practically smooth surface, with corners squared almost as neatly as those of a well-laid brick structure. The second type also represented by ruins in the Cobolita Valley is similar, save that the corners were rounded apparently on a uniform radius, while the stones were dressed in such manner as to conform to the curve about as closely as does metal wrought masonry. The perfection of the stone work in both types suggests a high degree of skill; but the indications of great antiquity, coupled with the absence of binding mortar and especially the laying of the stones in such manner as to reveal ignorance of the principle of breaking joints, prove that the work was primitive. In his reconnaissance of the ruins of the ancient structure discovered by Sitgreaves in 1891, which is of much interest as one of the earliest of the ruins of the public count of ruins, Mr. Hodge observed on the subject are of interest partly in that they afford a basis for estimating the duration of such ruins as the ruins of the public count of ruins, which are, in this case, or by such legislative or executive action as is frequently contemplated by governmental authorities. The same trip Dr. Hodge discovered a number of additional ruins, including those of Cavate dwellings located in the softer layers of heterogeneous volcanic deposits. Some of his observations throw useful light on the methods of excavating such deposits employed by the aborigines, as well as on their general modes of life.

Mrs. Mary B. Saunders, of the eastern division of the Pension Office, was recently the recipient of a letter from Mr. Charles A. Bartlett, mayor of Pomfret, Vt., in regard to a famous coffee pot, the history of which is interesting to nearly everyone who has passed through Washington during the months of August and September, 1898. The coffee pot, holding over five gallons, furnished thousands of cups of the cheering beverage to the boys in blue, and through the solicitation of the Seventh Ohio Volunteer Infantry, now occupies a position of honor in the armory of that regiment. On August 12, 1898, some of the ladies of the Pension Office conceived the idea of forming a committee to raise money for the purchase of the famous coffee pot, and the committee set to work. The first step was to secure the pot, and this was accomplished through the cooperation of Commissioner H. Clay Evans and other officers of the bureau, organization was perfected, money collected, and dingy old Potomac Hall in Southwest Washington, the right of way of the Pennsylvania Railroad was rented and converted into a relief station. Here a kitchen was installed and the main hall filled with long tables spread with all sorts of eatables. Opposite the hall the military trains were stopped for the purpose of changing engineer and inspection, and this furnished an opportunity for the troops to disembark and partake of the bounteous hospitality spread for them. Here the famous coffee pot came into play. Borne by a stalwart colored man, it passed from table to table filling waiting cups with the delicious fluid. Thousands of gallons poured forth from its generous spout during the two months that the relief station was open, and the famous coffee pot was dispensed from old Potomac Hall. The Seventh Ohio was one of the regiments entertained and after their return to the Buckeye State began negotiations for this coffee pot with the result that it is now in their possession, a highly prized souvenir of the war.

For eighteen months Mr. W. R. Killman has been one of the telephone operators at the detective bureau, and during that period he has been frequently complimented by his superior officers for his promptness in